That I might kisse that cheeke.
*Iul:* Ay me.
*Rom:* She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.
*Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.
*Rom:* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?
*Iul:* Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.
*Rom:* I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
*Iu:* What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsaile?
*Ro:* By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee,





Had I it written I would teare the word.
*Iul:* My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?
*Ro:* Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.
*Iu:* How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.
*Ro:* By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
*Iul:* If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
*Ro:* Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie. (here.
*Iul:* I would not for the world they shuld find thee
*Ro:* I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
*Iu:* By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
*Ro:* By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
He gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet werr thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
*Iul:* Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,